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E. BRADFORD'S
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THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
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GOLD & GILT
JEWELLERY,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Britannia Metal and Electro-plate Goods, CUTLERY, Fancy Goods, Fire-arms, Musical Instruments, Pipes, Cigars, Shell and Horn Goods, Stationery, Hardware, Perfumery, Toilet Requisites, &c.

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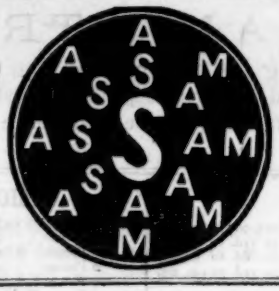

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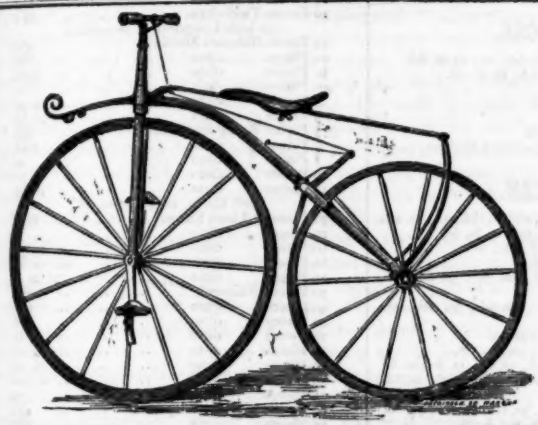

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Also Extra Strong Copying INKS, to give Six Copies.
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Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

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ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.

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(Death! the Gate of Life!)
Painted by Sir NOEL PATON, R.S.A.,
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Admission by Invitation Card, or Sixpence each.
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Noted Gutta Percha Bottomed Boots & Shoes
With Leather Tops and Insoles, are unrivalled for Cheapness, cannot be surpassed for Comfort, and are unequalled for Durability. Every one who studies health should wear them.
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BEGS to draw attention to his celebrated manufacture of CHIMNEY GLASSES, which for purity, stability, design, and genuine gilding, cannot be surpassed in England; prices as low as such an article can be produced for—from £4 to £30. Window Cornices in every style; genuine gold, 4s. to 12s. per foot. Picture Frames of every pattern and price. J. S. would also mention his very superior work in Re-gilding, for which he will be glad to give estimates, and will guarantee its genuine quality. Needlework neatly framed. Artists advantageously treated with.
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THE new French and American Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, warranted to go 15 miles in the hour; light and easy. Can be had at
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A Large Room for practising. Instructions given to purchasers.

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Needle Scollop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
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Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
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Ten Tucks, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scallop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s., to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
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Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

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Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
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Ditto ..... 1s.
Ditto ..... 1s. 3d.
Ditto ..... 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
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Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

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Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
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Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
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White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers.. 5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
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Swan Down..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
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Lambs' Wool ..... 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

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Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests ..... 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
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Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

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Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
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Cotton, 3¾d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

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Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
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Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 3s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
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Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
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Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
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Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
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Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
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Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

90 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
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Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 2s.

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500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
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70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
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10 Pieces Twill ditto 6½d
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
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5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
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Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
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40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
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15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d. to 21s. per dozen.
10 Dozen Towels .. .. 5½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. 7½d.
10 Dozen ditto .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
5 Pieces ditto .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d, to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Lace, new patterns, low prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs .... 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ..... 9½d.
A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 2s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s.
Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen.. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 2½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 4½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 6½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 9d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 2s. "
And so on to .. .. 9s. "
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. "
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices, (54a, High-st.

BAD LANGUAGE.

HAS it ever struck you that you can't speak English? It hasn't: then just think the matter over. You know you can't speak Chinese; you admit you can't speak Dutch; you acknowledge you can't speak Welsh; and you are even prepared to allow that you can't speak French perfectly; but English—why you were born and bred in England; English is your mother-tongue; English is the vernacular in which you ask for meat and drink and clothing; English is the language in which you proposed—or were proposed to, or intend to propose, or intend to be proposed to, as the case may be: the notion that you don't know that, is too absurd to be considered. In fact, it never so much as struck you once, in the whole course of your experience that you couldn't speak English. But you can't. At least, you must be a very extraordinary individual if you can. It isn't one person in a thousand can speak English, and it isn't one person in a million does. This is a curious thought, that we are unable to speak our own language, but it is perfectly true. The greater part of us know no more about it than about Hindostanee. We have a large stock of its phrases at our tongue's end, which we have learnt off like a parrot, and by means of these we are able to supply our wants, and keep up a sort of skimble-scamble conversation; but take our phrases from us—put us trying to express an idea which none of our hackneyed sets of words will convey—and we are stuttering and stammering at once. Put a man, "unaccustomed as he is to public speaking," on his legs, and call upon him for a speech—a refinement of torture not abolished with the Inquisition—and you will discover that, apart from nervousness and lack of ideas, he has the utmost difficulty in expressing himself. Suppose he has quite got over his nervousness, and that he has succeeded in arriving at the middle of a very happy thought, still, if he is an ordinary person, he will stutter. He is not in the least nervous, and he has a good thing to say: why can't he say it? Simply because he is obliged to finish his sentences. He can't; and no wonder: he has had no practice. In common conversation, people never finish any but the simplest sentences. They are unable to. Their parrot phrases enabled them to get into the middle of a moderately complicated one, but to finish requires some knowledge of the English language, and they haven't got it.

Have you never noticed how few long remarks in ordinary talk get finished? Why, the number of unfinished sentences that are wandering about the past disconsolately, is something awful to think of. They rival even "the sands upon the sea-shore," and "the hairs of the head," of pulpit notoriety. It makes our flesh creep to think of them. We fancy them wandering up and down—pale shivering ghosts—seeking for rest and finding none—pacing about the cheerless wastes of time relentlessly—a ghastly crew—waiting for Judgment Day. "Unfinished Gentlemen!" We fancy, too, we see them coming up to judgment in ghostly procession, and mankind, in partial retribution of its sins, condemned to finish them. Bleak task—well fitted for eternity! A doubt arises whether will eternity be long enough. It is no groundless doubt. How many times since Chaos has man said, "Did you ever see such a"—what? Blank. "That chop is no more fit to eat than"—what? Another blank! "This button has come off as often as"—what? Yet another blank! And oh, how often since the world began has woman faltered, "Ask papa"—Yes, ask papa—but ask papa what? Ah! Dreadful blanks—gibbering in myriads on the strand of time—waiting to be filled up! True, in the instances above—at least, in the first three—the lack is of idea, not of language; but the sentences that stay unfinished for want of words are of too frequent occurrence to require examples of them to be given. In the next conversation that you hold you will find instances in plenty. And when one comes to think of it, it is no wonder that we cannot speak our mother-tongue: for we no more learn it than we do Assyriac. We pick up words and phrases as they fall from other people's lips. We take them into stock, and we reproduce them in fresh combinations. That is all. We are but quacks at grammar. We get used to certain forms. We talk by rule of thumb.

And just think what a jargon we converse in! What bald sentences—what crude expressions—what inapt epithets—what slang resources—and what nerveless style! One man begins with a hem and a haw, followed by a colloquialism, capped by an oath, blundered after by some halting Saxon, interspersed with dabs of French, helped out with slang at frequent junctures, badly expressing about a quarter of what he means, and about three quarters of something he doesn't mean, broken off in half-a-dozen places, recommenced every time at different points to the ones at which he left off, and ended (without being finished) by a meaningless sniggle! Another takes him up with a pointless anecdote, execrably told, interrupted by little laughs, and wandering about until it ultimately gets lost in parentheses. A third one gives a final insult to his tongue in the shape of a vile, witless barbarism, which he fain imagines is a pun. Ah, but, you say, there is no need of perfect composition in a bit of talk. It isn't that folks do not understand their language, but that they do not see the use of being scrupulously accurate. They could speak it if they liked. They couldn't. Moderately good diction is considered necessary in a note. Now, can people write a note? If you incline to think they can, issue a budget of short missives (needing answers) to the circle of your friends. Collect their answers (you will have to wait a month for some of them, and all eternity for others), and submit them to grammatical analysis. Your opinion as to people's powers of composition will experience a change. Some judiciously stick to a common form. Good sense: good grammar. Of their capacity you cannot judge. Charity inclines to give a verdict in their favour: sense doesn't. Never mind, you prefer charity—especially as it backs up your opinion. But the others—who are rash enough to do a little composition on their own account—what of them? Ah, lackaday! You may be willing to retain them on your list of friends, but you can never—no, you never can—receive them with the wonted welcome, and accept with the old grip their proffered hand. The common form is left, and with it sense, and grammar too. A hundred images lie shivered on the altar of your heart. If anyone who knows his language wishes to retain a favourite friend—whose style of composition he is unacquainted with—in his affection and esteem, let him burn every letter he receives from him unread. And ye young gentlemen—if any such there be—who love alike the language and the daughters of your land, if you would maintain your chivalrous ideal of the objects of your adoration, do not permit yourselves to look upon their handwriting; for, when you got accustomed to their curious orthography and eccentric punctuation, some fearful facts would be revealed. That brightness of eye which you thought was intelligence, you would discover—is organic; that toss of the head which you mistook for intellectual scorn—a trick; that willing ear which you believed so sympathetic—mere politeness; that amiability which you deemed such sweetness—insipidity; that ardour which you imagined was affection—gush; and—horror of horrors—that glance which you esteemed so full of sentiment—an ogle!

But these are amateurs. Surely there are enough scholars in England, who know the language, to render extravagant the assertion that there is not one person in a thousand who can speak it, and not one person in a million who does. Take the case of professional writers. Surely there are enough of them alone to confute the assertion. Do you suppose, then, that professional writers can speak English? (We use the words "write" and "speak" convertibly.) Not at all. It is really wonderful how few people can write a correct sentence. We do not speak of punctuation—that is an unknown art—but of syntax. We take up the first paper that comes handy. It happens to be our friend, the *City News*. The very second sentence that we read talks of "one of the *most vital* elements of all religion." We take up the first book. It happens to be Wendell Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. We have not glanced many phrases through before we come across "a *very complete* idea of manhood." Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* is the next to hand. The second page we cast our eyes on says that, "as

a describer of life and manners," Hughes "*must* be allowed to stand *perhaps* the first of the first rank." We will not multiply examples. It is enough to say that you can't take up the writings of any author, be he a working journalist or be he a philosopher of world-renown, without meeting in a hundred places his inability to speak English. The blunders and clumsiness of the most famous writers are incredible, and it would be interesting to examine some of them. But we refrain—warned by the fate of Mr. Washington Moon, a superfine critic of the English of Dean Alford, Lindley Murray, and other authorities, who has been exposed lately by the *Times* in half-a-score of blunders of his own. Indeed, this is a good example of our proposition, that not one in a million speaks English. Dean Alford and Lindley Murray, setting others right, are themselves exposed by Mr. Moon, who is in turn dissected by the *Times;* and we have little doubt that, if we scrutinised the *Times'* article, we should discover some flaws there. Nor let it be supposed that we set up to be the least bit better than our neighbours. We do not, in the style of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, superbly cavil at a poor reviewed one's inadvertence, in a number that bristles with "most perfects" and "least necessarys." We dare say that in this copy, if not in this very article, a dozen or so small inaccuracies may be found. We have already checked our pen upon the point of writing "quite correct," "three first," and "absolutely incredible." Indeed, accustomed as one is to the prevailing slipshod style of composition, it is almost impossible to avoid mistakes; and with regard to the ephemeral productions of workaday journalism, it becomes a question whether correctness be worth the trouble it entails. Of course it is desirable that we should write with precision and purity; loose grammar and loose morals spring from the same source; but the extra time and labour rendered necessary would be something terrible. Nervous disorders would multiply apace; brain fever would increase alarmingly; and lunatic asylums would be crammed to suffocation. It is not only most fidgetting and worrying, but difficult to get some sentences correct. A practised pen can scarcely write off-hand a single one that might not be improved by alteration. It is most arduous to put a set of words in their best—that is, proper—order. In standard books, not one sentence in a hundred is a perfect work of art.

We have no space to show how this inaccuracy extends to thought and morals. But it does. Portia's extolled remark about mercy seasoning justice, is the old barbarism of "more perfect," transferred from syntax to ethics. The phrase brings down both the gallery and the educated critics in the stalls—because neither can speak English: but it is preposterous. Justice is a supreme quality. You cannot add a grace to it. To try to do, is a poetical weakness. Justice seasoned with mercy or anything else, is no longer justice. Often it is injustice. Thus, what is commonly called mercy partakes more of the nature of a vice than a virtue. We are getting very deep. If we went on, we should be picking holes in half the qualities which are considered Christian. But we will not go on. We have said enough to show that this idea that we can't speak English would, if carried out, immerse us in the subtlest problems of ethics and metaphysics. The subject is important; but we fear that, were we to pursue it, we should speedily reduce our circulation to two copies—the present writer's and the editor's. So we desist.

VERY EXASPERATING.

After writing your name on the back of a bill, to oblige a friend, and "just as a mere matter of form, you *know*," to learn some fine morning, when you had forgotten all about it, that it has been dishonoured, and that you must cash up immediately.

To write a letter to friend Johnson, quizzing unmercifully that ass Thomson, and another to Thomson, insinuating that Johnson is a snob, and ascertain afterwards that you had enclosed and forwarded the letters in the wrong envelopes.

To write and publish in the morning newspapers an elaborate critique on the performance of the new play or opera of the previous evening, and find that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, no such performance took place.

To invest your "little trifle" on the Epsom Derby, and find that your horse just lost by a nose; or, after having made your little investment on the same race, and won a good stake, to learn that the man who laid you the odds is "broken, and can't pay."

THE REV. W. A. O'CONNOR, B.A.

[Rector of S.S. Simon and Jude.]

Granby Row is by no means a fashionable or attractive locality. It is a shady place, the shadiness belonging not to trees, but due to the depressing gloom of the squalid poverty and dingy, pent-up habitations by which it is surrounded. The approaches to it are bad, and, in many other respects, it is an uninviting place for a Sunday walk. Good men, however, have placed a church here wherein the poor may worship, and have dedicated it to two saints—Simon and Jude. It was erected twenty-seven years ago. The style of architecture is Lancet, or Early English. It is built of stone, but has few exterior attractions. It will accommodate upwards of eight hundred persons. Originally half these seats were free, but at present we believe that nearly if not all are thrown open, the offertory being used for the defrayment of incidental expenses. The interior arrangements are neat and inexpensive, but the decorations are now somewhat faded and time-stained, and one would like to see them restored to their original and cheerful freshness.

Taking a seat in one of the open benches we note, from exterior evidences, that the congregation is composed mainly of persons in humble circumstances. A very small, modest congregation it is too, as devout and unpretentious as it is limited. During the pause of a few moments before the commencement of service, we mentally contrast it with some other free churches, like St. Alban's, and, remembering their crowds and finery, experience a comfortable home-feeling in sitting among these less showy worshippers. The procession of white-robed choristers, some thirty in number, having traversed the central aisle from the west end and taken their seats in the chancel, the service is commenced by the Rev. W. A. O'Connor. B.A., a gentleman of somewhat striking appearance. Tall, slender, but with a military uprightness in his bearing and carriage, a clear intellectual face of mingled tenderness and strength, with just a shade of grey about the hair to make it venerable,—such are the rough outlines of the preacher's portrait. His voice is quiet, firm, and impressive, giving force and meaning to what he reads, and, when animated, with a dash of pleasant brogue in it which betrays his nationality. The service throughout is conducted in a manner superior to what we should have been led to expect, remembering the limited congregation and their humble character. The chants and hymns were vigorously rendered, and were choice in the selection. The lessons were given to read to one of the choir, who might accomplish his task more effectively if he were a little less sing-song in his tone; otherwise he has not a bad voice and power of expression. From its position, in close proximity to a railway, the quiet sanctity of the service is occasionally broken into by the shrill shriek of an engine whistle or the blowing off of steam, unpleasantly bringing back the mind from spiritual to material things.

To preach the sermon, instead of entering the pulpit the reverend gentleman advanced to the lectern in front of the chancel, and before commencing his discourse asked permission to say a few words to his congregation, touching matters interesting to himself and them. To say the least of it, the nature of his address surprised us. If we had sought out a quiet nook among the churches of the city where a devoted pastor could, in peace and comfort, without interruption, be allowed to minister in holy things to his little flock, we should have selected this sanctuary, with its handful of humble men. But it would seem that such can not be. The Rev. W. A. O'Connor, in his remarks, stated that he had received a communication from a fellow-clergyman, whereby he was led to believe that efforts were being made to remove him from his living. Though he had not, by word or thought, expressed a wish or intention to leave his parish, rumours had been circulated that it was his desire to do so, and an ecclesiastical agent in London was busy negotiating for an exchange. He apologised warmly for bringing this matter of business before his church, but stated that he did so for the purpose of assuring his parishioners that he did not wish to leave them. This rumour had an importance when connected with other forms of annoyance which he went on to describe. He had received letters telling him that he must be driven from the town, and a threat had even been made against his life. It was somewhat strange to hear this in such a place, from such a man, and the congregation audibly expressed their surprise and sympathy. Of the circumstances which have given rise to

this mistaken persecution we know nothing. We only know that the Rev. W. A. O'Connor has expressed himself favourable to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but this surely cannot account for it. The statement ended, he proceeded to his sermon, which he delivered extempore. In expressing an opinion about a preacher, the doctrines he thinks proper to set forth do not come within the limits of our criticism. The nature of the sin against the Holy Ghost which admits of no forgiveness has been very variously guessed at and discussed. Without detailing Mr. O'Connor's discourse on this subject, we may say that we have not often heard a more earnest, forcible, or ingenious sermon of the kind. Coupled with a ready flow of words, there was exercised a nice discriminating choice in their use, which marked the scholarly, cultivated mind. His line of argument was logically thought out, and closely adhered to. He displayed, moreover,

> The intuitive decision of a bright
> And thorough-edged intellect to part
> Error from crime,

being righteously indignant with those who would knowingly make the wrong to be right and the evil to be good, but extending a large-hearted charity and tolerance towards those who honestly differed with him, even though they should be so far miserably mistaken as to deny the fundamental facts and principles of his belief. The sermon, in its aim, purpose, and delivery, would have done honour to a cathedral, and the fact that it was lovingly and carefully prepared for so few was, we take it, proof sufficient of the pastor's devotion to his work. When, setting aside the attractions and incentives to intellectual display that are furnished by crowded and fashionable congregations, a man of intellect and culture chooses to devote himself to the enlightenment of humble minds on subjects which he believes to be of the highest importance in their lives, the work, of necessity arduous and self-denying, is noble in its character, and claims our respect and admiration. We know nothing of the Rev. W. O'Connor beyond what we have seen and heard on the occasion of two visits to his church, but we heartily wish him the success which he deserves, and trust that he may be allowed to pursue his ministerial labours in peace and quietness.

THE BICYCLE RACE AT THE FREE TRADE HALL.

WE go mad occasionally,—we John Bulls who have such a reputation for *sang froid* and phlegmatic indifference. Every now and then, we get hold of a hobby and ride it to death. We set up a graven image, fall down, and worship, with a ludicrous zeal worthy of the blackest negro who ever rubbed nose in mud to do honour to Obeah. Just as sporting men talk of Stockwell's, or Blair Athol's, or Gladiateur's year, so can we, as a nation, look back upon our Great Exhibition, or Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Garibaldi year. We have had hobbies of all sorts and sizes. Now, we are writing sonnets to the memory of the Iron Duke; now, erecting statues in all directions to the "great and good" Prince Consort! Anon, we rush to arms, and, as in a moment, our streets are grey with Volunteers! Again, we take to mallet and ball, and croquêt rages on every lawn from Cornwall to Northumberland! And now, in this good year 1869, we have hit upon a new, or rather, revived an old, hobby, after our usual headlong fashion, and no one, not even "Old Moore" himself, can say how long or how nearly to death we shall ride it. "Ride it" is the most appropriate phrase. Our hobby goes on wheels, and underneath us. Eighteen hundred and sixty-nine bids fair to be known in history, as the commencement of the Velocipede, or Bicycle, mania. This is a fast age, and we have a mind, apparently, to go even faster still.

It is a dozen years, or more, since we first made acquaintance with Velocipedes. They were substantially built, three-wheeled affairs, with a roomy seat, and almost as large as a gig. We clambered up, laid hold of a sort of a rudder, and worked ourselves along by a couple of treadles. The muscles were admirably exercised, and to such an extent that we believe the effect could only be equalled by an hour or two on the treadmill. Cramps and shooting pains along leg and spine; a general giving-way of the lower part of the body; profuse perspiration:—these were merely ordinary results of a velocipede ride. Then there were other, and minor, accessories. If the road was level, and neither rutty, stony or soft, the velocipede went gaily along. Up-hill, the best, often the only, way, was to get off and drag it after us. Down-hill, it simply ran away with us, and we either ended in a ditch, or came into collision with a cart, or turned suddenly to one side, and were shot over like a sack of coals;—with one and the same result in each case, viz.: a severe shaking and bruising from head to foot. On the whole, we grew tired, took for our motto the French proverb *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, and used our legs without the treadles.

We heard and saw no more of velocipedes until the other day. How their reappearance has come to pass we know not; and who has improved upon the old model we know not, any more than we know how croquêt and photography, and crinoline and chignons, and most other things under the sun, were invented and became popular. We only know that the velocipede mania has reached us from two opposite quarters—from France on the one side, and America on the other. Also that Cottonopolis itself has not escaped the contagion, and that, last week, an advertisement appeared announcing velocipede races. Acting on which we went to the Free Trade Hall, to see an old friend—or rather enemy—with a new face. It was a work of some little trouble to find the race-course. There was nothing in or about the front of the Free Trade Hall to direct us, except an open door. We walked in, no one hindering. We entered the large hall. It was prepared for some concert or meeting:—indeed, as we afterwards found, for the delivery of two sermons by a female Boanerges on the Sunday following. We mounted to the Assembly Room. It was being draped in coloured calico preparatory to a bazaar. Following the direction of the workmen, we descended again into the street, and walked round the corner of the building. There, over a little door, was inscribed, in large letters, "National Velox Company." We were right at last.

Paying our sixpence and going down some stone steps, we found ourselves in a gloomy crypt beneath the Hall. We had often heard of this subterranean region, and also a report that here were stowed barrels of paraffin oil, of sufficient size, and in sufficient numbers, to blow up the whole building, and frizzle the largest meeting which was ever held there:—a particularly pleasant reflection on one of Halle's choral nights. It was comforting, therefore, to discover that all the paraffin about the place was contained in a few tin lamps suspended against the walls. Even with these, and a row of area windows down one side, the light was anything but oppressive. The rows of massive stone pillars, the vaulted roof, the dark corners and ghostly shadows made the crypt seem more fitted for coffins than velocipedes. Velocipedes, however, there were in plenty, but oh, how different to those of yore! Two wheels, one in front of the other; a connecting bar; and about four square inches of seat, and behold the modern velocipede—the bicycle! Clatter, clatter, clatter! and there rattled past us a young gentleman in blue calico jacket and yellow gaiters; then another in brown coat and a beard; then two or three riders together, making stone flags and roof resound again, and disappearing round the pillars like so many restless spirits from the coffins aforesaid. We mounted a sort of counter, which was apparently used as a grand stand, and looked on in safety.

There were a great number of spectators, af all ranks and ages; "grave and reverend seniors," clerks and errand boys, mechanics, and even a couple of parsons. A few ladies also, and of course a policeman. This latter personage seemed to increase with the crowd, doubling and then trebling himself, and even blossoming into a sergeant, who stood at the entrance and looked imposing. Punctuality was not strictly observed, and it was nearly three o'clock when the races began. Meanwhile the British public waxed impatient, and made noises, as the British public always does under such circumstances; while the gentleman in blue jacket and his companions had a little preliminary practice on their bicycles. Also the British public smoked almost to a man, and, as the windows could not be opened, for fear lest another portion of the British public outside should have a view of the races, free gratis and for nothing, the crypt grew somewhat hot and disagreeable. At length, the course was cleared, and the real business of the afternoon was commenced. There were to be two races; one for speed, the other for slowness; the latter, of course, the most trying test of the two, as speed and steadiness go together on a bicycle, and to move very slowly is to fall, except after much practice. Each competitor had to go eight

times round the crypt; a distance, we were told, of 700 yards. It was a time race:—in two senses, indeed, for when we left,—a little after four o'clock,—there were still one or two of the competitors waiting for their turn, and several ties to be run off.

We cannot say that any great science was shown, or that the proceedings were over and above exciting. In fact, it struck us that the whole affair was a mere advertisement for the National Velox Company, who have hired the room as a permanent bicycle school. There was a certain amount of applause as each competitor drew near his eighth and last round; also a good deal of laughter, when, as happened several times, the rider came to grief, ran against a pillar, or charged into the spectators. First came our friend in the blue jacket, who rode well and steadily, and, at the time of our departure, had tied for first place. Then followed a youth, who managed his eight rounds without mishap indeed, but also without glory. Then a gentleman in black gaiters, who went at a great rate, but not over steadily. Then a tall, thin competitor, who, to our thinking, did best of the lot. The sixth rider went round about twice, and then came to grief in a dark corner, with a loud crash. "Broken a pillar," said a voice close to us. The seventh kept slipping off his bicycle, and finally managed to capsize altogether. The eighth was upset by an umbrella, which, whether intentionally or otherwise we know not, was thrust between the spokes of one of his wheels. The ninth could not steer round the pillars, and he also tumbled; but the eleventh afforded the greatest fun of all. He went like Jehu, son of Nimshi, and without the slightest notion of guiding himself. Now he shaved a pillar, now he drove into the spectators, now he went off at full tilt against the end of the crypt, and only saved himself by a violent swerve which almost sent him out of his saddle. Moreover, he rolled from side to side like a drunken sailor; but certainly, if pluck and determination could have carried away the prize, he would have won. At last he dashed into the wooden railing at the entrance, knocked it over, and himself and his bicycle on the top. The police-sergeant and the check-taker only saved themselves by a miracle; and so, amidst tumultuous laughter, Jehu subsided into private life again. After this we came away.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE committee of the Conservative Club cannot make ends meet. Their outlay is greater than their income by about sixty pounds a month, or at the rate of seven hundred pounds a year, Such was the story told to the members at a meeting on Thursday week. For remedy, the committee propose to increase the annual subscription, which is now two guineas for the original and three for the later members, to four guineas all round—a rough-and-ready method of dealing with a financial and administrative difficulty which does not appear to have met with approval from the general body of the members. Any way, they postponed the vote on the proposition for a month. It is not for us to intrude upon the concerns of a Club whose affairs are only in a restricted sense public property. Still, we cannot help hinting a doubt whether that vice of Manchester public life, the Figure Head system, is altogether adapted to the management of a club. It is all very fine, no doubt, to have Colonel Tatton, of Wythenshawe, in the chair, and figure heads like the Rev. Canon Richson and the irrepressible Mr. W. Romaine Callender, junior, on the committee; but for the hard, dry details of administration they are practically useless, and when you have to put your hand into your pocket to pay for the mere honour of the thing, it becomes a trifle irksome and unsatisfactory. The club ought to pay, even at the present terms of subscription, and would do so if its management were taken away from the figure-heads and placed in the hands of five or six energetic, albeit comparatively obscure, members. Make one of the indefatigable brothers Birch chairman of the executive, and we think we could safely guarantee a surplus of income over expenditure before the end of the year.

The performance of *The King o' Scots* now passes off each evening with smoothness. Mr. Calvert, who, on the opening nights, seemed to be somewhat hampered by managerial responsibilities, the doubling of parts, and the necessity of having to talk Scotch, has got rid of his embarrassment, and plays the part of the King with humour and unction. In a great measure he has overcome the Scotch difficulty, and he has a most accurate conception of the character of the eccentric, timid, but withal good-natured monarch. Particularly good are his scenes with Jingling Geordie, with Ritchie Moniplies and Glenvarloch; but perhaps the richest of all is that in which he discovers the sex of Peg-a-Ramsey. His self-complacency at his own shrewdness, and the sly chuckle with which he exclaims, "Awa wi' the lassie, and see that ye pit her in the same room wi' Glenvarloch," are irresistible. His annoyance at Nigel's turning up on all occasions, and his exclamation, "Glenvarlochides! as I was christened Jamie Stewart!" are vastly entertaining. The second act is too long, and ought to be curtailed. The audience becomes tired of the scenes in Alsatia and the drivelling old miser Trapbois, and longs for the advent of the murderers to precipitate the climax. Moniplies is well performed by Mr. Craig, who is Scotch enough in all conscience. He might indeed modify the "awccent" a trifle, without detriment to the performance. His face, his nether jaw, his high cheek-bones, his shins, and his feet, remind us irresistibly of the Cowgate. Miss Reinhardt plays Margaret Ramsay with much propriety, and her shyness in boy's clothes is so well portrayed that we are inclined to think the actress herself feels the novelty of the habiliments. Jin Vin is sadly overdone. The actor's humour is forced. Vincent was not a nincompoop, and his running round and round after his sword, like a cur after its own tail, is not in the least amusing. As for Lords Glenvarloch and Dalgarno, we can only say that we have never met with noblemen like the representatives of these characters, either in fiction or real life.

It was rumoured, a month or two ago, that Mr. Calvert was about to produce a new play, written by a Liverpool gentleman. What has become of it? We have heard no more about it. Is the piece in preparation? We sincerely trust it is. Everybody is heartily tired of the hackneyed set of dramatic authors. On the whole, they are an incapable lot, and it is wearying to see the old, old names reappearing time after time upon the bills. One loathes the very sight of them. Such a thing as a play by a new author is a thing unknown. That manager who would have the enterprise to fling the old incompetent set over and take young beginners by the hand, would deserve quite as well of the public as of his protegés. The sole reason why the drama stands in such an abject state as it does now—take it all round—is simply that it is a rotten borough. By that great Law of Coincidence which this journal has had the glory of discovering and publishing to the world, managers find that the most eligible authors are the dramatists they know, and act their pieces only—wretched as they mostly are. It is absurd to suppose that in such an age of literary activity as this there is not enough dramatic genius to eclipse the feats of the hackneyed clique of playwrights, and establish a good drama. There is plenty of dramatic genius, but it can't get before the public. We were delighted to hear that Mr. Calvert was about to have the pluck to introduce a fresh pen to the frequenters of the Prince's Theatre. Why should we be everlastingly jobbed off with stale London leavings? Why not have new pieces produced here? Let Manchester have the credit of bringing out a dramatist. We hope we shall soon see the play by the Liverpool gentleman, and we promise it one attentive hearer and candid critic.

The Bulwark of English liberty has again been making itself conspicuous. Locked up all night in the Liverpool Court of Passage, it has been banging at the windows and pummelling at the doors in order to get out. This unseemly but natural scene brings up again the question as to the desirability of (apparent) unanimity in juries. For ourselves, we are disposed to take a very high and strong view of the matter. The only argument in favour of it, namely, that it works well—and it seems it does not always do that—we would only deign to answer with contempt. It does not say much for the system, but little for human nature. The system works in perjury, and expedience founded on iniquity is not an argument to confute, but to despise. When, after deliberation and discussion, a section of twelve sworn men differ in opinion from another section, to insist on (seeming) unanimity is to insist on perjury. True, they may be discharged; true, they may actually be unanimous; but, if they are, the special features of the system are not worked: only when two or more divergent opinions are starved to swearing that they are the same, is the specialty of the system worked; and if such compulsion is not to insist on perjury, it is at least duress. The law of England ought to be ashamed of such an institution. Why

howl at cheating shopkeepers, when Justice's self weighs out reward and retribution in doctored scales? Such scenes as the recent one in the Court of Passage are disgraces to the law, but still fouler is the disgrace of getting verdicts by such means. We wish more windows would get smashed and more doors pummelled: then people might begin to think, with Hallam, that our present jury-system is "a relic of barbarism."

IN AN ATTIC.

Here, toasting toes at fiery bars,
Far off I hear the moaning city,
And watch the sweetly solemn stars
Come forth with rays of tender pity.
My lonely attic glows with light,
My pipe is lit, my grog I'm drinking;
My soul is filled with fancies bright,
And, half asleep, I'm idly thinking.

Oh, Latakie! what charms hast thou
To conquer Care and soothe each passion;
Rare fragrant goddess, many a vow
Ascends to thee in cloudy fashion.
The curling smoke through armour quaint
And books of legends is ascending;
Now faint, now full, now full, now faint;
And with the smoke strange scenes are blending.

I see the day, thrice happy day,
When, free from envy, hatred, malice,
Through haunts of dryad and of fay
Arm-link'd I wandered with my Alice.
A filmy veil of dewy leaves
Creeps round and round my cloudy shadows;
Visions of rare and happy eves,
And homeward walks through moonlit meadows.

Beneath the shades of Dunham's bowers,
By Rostherne's waters, calmly splendid,
We ramble, heedless of the hours,
And sigh to think the day is ended;
And—but this happy vision fades,
Just when my lips begin to falter;
When lo! ring'd round with blushing maids,
We stand together at the altar.

"Who giveth her?" "I give!" "I take!"—
Sweet words, devoid of sober meaning!
My cloudy fancies, fluttering, break—
In the far past my heart was gleaning.
What matter? Which is sweeter work,
To prate of honeyed joys ecstatic,
Or, lounging like a turbanned Turk,
Write verse for money—in an attic?

Let the ball roll! the way is long—
We walk by cruel fates attended;
And if I rise above the throng,
Or if with dust my hopes are blended,
What matter, if my days shall be
Free from all petty cares and fears,
With pictures, books, and Latakie,
To brighten all the coming years?

The man who holds within his span
One spark of purpose, which each year,
Revolving on, shall fan and fan
Until it broadens bright and clear,
Must bide his time and work: so I,
Unvexed with half-fledged chattering hope,
Thrust back the tide of Memory,
And to the light through darkness grope.

I wake! My room is strangely dim,
My fire is dead: far-off the wind
Roars cityward. What fatal whim
Has, like a ghost, crept o'er my mind?
A waking dream of bygone bliss,
I shake it off, and laugh! What need
Of dreaming in a world like this?
Do dreamers in a swift race lead?

Let Echo answer! Cold and dun
The dawn comes forth, so fair, so fickle;
My cloudy fancies, one by one,
Old Time cuts down with sweeping sickle.
As for my Alice—charming maid—
Perfection's self could scarcely touch her;
She wearied, left me in the shade,
And married Jinks—a Stretford butcher!

MISS LYDIA BECKER AND MRS. CASSIDY.

THE time seems near at hand when woman, the gentle, the low-voiced, the cruel, the bewitching, will have become a tradition, and an object only of regret. Education, badly distributed, has brought woman to a point in her career where it appears she has to choose one of two paths. The law of natural selection is operating upon the sex, and rudely dividing it into Bluestockings and Girls of the Period. Time alone can tell us which Nature intends for the superior and enduring race. To us, with our human instincts, it seems that there is little choice. But we can no longer doubt that, before many years are past, we shall read of the sweet little women in Trollope and Tennyson with that strange, unfamiliar feeling which the heroines of Richardson and Fielding excite in us now. They are such very queer mixtures of indelicacy and virtue. It would be difficult to say which of the two genuses of woman shews the more vitality at this moment. We fancy it is a neck-and-neck race. We feel about equally amazed at the daring of the women who let you see their charms before you buy them, and the daring of those others who undrape themselves intellectually on the platform of the chapel schoolroom.

A week ago, the perennial Miss Becker delivered an address on Women's Suffrage, in the schoolroom adjoining the Independent Chapel, Longsight. The chair was taken by Mr. Alderman Rumney, whose great charm lies in the peculiar power of his oratory to awaken in you all sorts of fine sensibilities which you scarcely knew you were gifted with before. The schoolroom was unpleasantly crowded by an audience remarkable for its promiscuous character. There were rowdy old women in greasy shawls, and fashionably-dressed young girls, who melted into smiles if you met their eyes, as if to explain that they were not related to Miss Becker. There were working men, and young men out of shops, and gentlemen, and a number of small boys, whose political influence must be entirely of a prospective character. With the punctuality of enthusiasts and of duns, Miss Becker entered the room precisely at eight o'clock, and the meritorious—we mean the worthy—Alderman introduced her to the meeting in a few words, which he pumped out as if he had to go a long way down for them. Then Miss Lydia Becker, who was bonneted and shawled, ascended the platform and skilfully arranged and disarranged her papers. A woman who braves ridicule like Miss Becker does is obviously not a woman to be ridiculed. Nor is there anything in her appearance, or in her ideas, to excite it. In her face, the pedantry of the spectacles has a hard struggle against the good humour expressed in her large, clever mouth. Her manners are confident without boldness, and she reads distinctly, unaffectedly, and with lady-like simplicity. Her mind is lucid but not original, and she is more of a logician than a thinker. She is gifted with a woman's quickness at taking small advantages and turning her opponent's arguments, in a pretty plaintive way, unexpectedly in her own favour. This guerilla warfare is woman's best resource. Stupid women retaliate with their husbands' weapons, and sulk and storm until their weaker arms inevitably sink under the weight of the connubial hatchet which always hangs, unseen, over the mantel-piece. But clever women scorn the clumsy instrument, and rely upon their dexterity in the uses of the more exquisite bodkin.

Miss Lydia Becker did not introduce any arguments which we have not heard before, but she recapitulated, in a very honest way, all the most obvious objections which have been urged against extending the franchise to women, and answered them with more or less ingenuity. Now and

then she evinced a certain sense of humour. She remarked that the political status of criminals and lunatics contrasts favourably with that of women. If a lunatic, at a time of election, can prove that he is enjoying a lucid interval, he is allowed to record his vote. "Women," said Miss Becker, "are never presumed to have even a lucid interval." Now, this is pretty and clever, with the irritating cleverness of woman. But it is not sound, and whole necklaces of such sayings, dangled before the House of Commons, would never flutter it into a foolish division on women's suffrages. Miss Becker is never so weak as when she pedantically bases her claim upon the law as it now stands, instead of boldly declaring herself the champion of a new moral and intellectual movement in English society. Because, in many of the statutes which apply to both sexes, the masculine personal pronoun is employed, "therefore," says Miss Becker, "the statutes relating to the suffrage, in which the masculine personal pronoun is employed, apply also to both sexes." If Miss Becker is willing to ignore the injustice which has undoubtedly been crushed upon women in the past, and to call it merely a blunder in the reading of the statutes, all well and good. We should have thought that her vantage-ground would have been to appeal for her rights to the unwavering sense of justice in mankind, and not to that fickle old courtier, the British Constitution. It is, perhaps, not universally known that on this subject of extending the suffrage to women there are already two parties, Radical and Tory. In this newly-pitched camp there is already a division, as distinct as jealousy can make it. Miss Becker is the leader of the Radical party, which advocates the enfranchisement of all women. The Tory party only claims the suffrage for those women, either widows or spinsters, who pay rates. We do not know whether this party has its leader and its public meetings. It ought not to require any. It is evident that all rate-payers ought to have votes, if only for the sake of placing them upon an equality in the eyes of the landlord.

The conclusion of Miss Becker's address was rewarded by a good deal of applause, which was augmented and set off by some stray hissing. Then the deserving—we mean the worthy—Alderman rose, and, after complimenting Miss Becker, invited free discussion. His invitation was very promptly accepted by a little drab woman, who pushed her way nervously through the crowd, and ascended the tribune. Her appearance was greeted with loud and sincere encouragement, which she very quickly diverted into encouragement of a louder but slightly ironical nature. This lady's name was Mrs. Cassidy. She wore a vexed, disappointed, unenfranchised expression on her weather-beaten face, and her twitching, suppressed lips bespoke a large amount of suppressed something or other. Her toilette consisted of a black crape bonnet, which had evidently been a sofa cushion in a previous state of existence. It had been incontinently sat upon. The twisted, shrivelled bonnet strings were not tied, but fluttered about, and imparted an air of enthusiasm to the little woman. She wore a long grey cloak, which did not stop until it kissed her boots, and which, no doubt, covered a multitude of millinery sins. It was evident at once that this was no ordinary woman. We do not know whether it was from lofty scorn, or from indigence, but she had no umbrella. Instead, she carried an enormous, emaciated reticule, the largest we have ever seen. It had nothing in it, and she flapped it continually about, and clung to it so persistently that it was evident this woman was not without her attachments. When the applause had subsided, Mrs. Cassidy appeared to be collecting her thoughts, and when she began to speak she pitched her voice in such a very high key as to evoke a roar of laughter on that account alone. This little incident seemed to lower the moral tone of the meeting, and it never recovered it. The inconvenienced crowd, who had been listening, not over patiently, to Miss Becker's address, were evidently more in the humour for a bit of fun than for the dreadful consequences of free discussion. Well-ordered rounds of laughter in their turn deteriorated into mere turmoil, without any fun in it, until it was impossible to hear one entire sentence during the last half hour of the meeting.

We do not know what was the plan of Mrs. Cassidy's speech, as she was not permitted to finish it. She commenced with a history of her private wrongs, but she was not allowed time to explain exactly how the revelation of them bore upon the object of the meeting. Her manner of rushing from one subject to another, at every fresh interruption, combined with her imperfect acquaintance with the amenities of debate, make us suspect that she has not had so much experience in public speaking as Miss Becker. At one point of her speech, some gentleman, solely actuated by a spirit of earnest inquiry, called out, "Question," upon which Mrs. Cassidy shook her fist at him, and told him that her husband, although only a packer, was the equal of anyone present dressed in gentlemen's clothes. But it was impossible to discover whether there was any coherent thread in her remarks, as the meeting only listened when they wanted a new impulse to laugh. We heard her say that her husband had assaulted her three times, and had been "*torn from her side*" on each occasion by British Law. And yet she told us that she was "*a great opponent of British Law.*" We have always understood that women love a man all the more if he is a brute to them, but we never dared try it, as we never quite believed it until now. Mrs. Cassidy also confided to us, probably in the way of business, that she occasionally amused herself by selling newspapers in the street; and at one moment, when the interruptions were so noisy as to suggest impatience, she expressed her willingness to abandon politics if anyone would give her a sewing machine, value £10. By this time the meeting was so completely demoralised that the chairman seemed at last to feel the indignity of his position. He interposed, and told Mrs. Cassidy that she must confine herself to the question. Upon which Mrs. Cassidy turned sharp round, and commenced a harangue with fistic accompaniment.

All this time, the Rev. S. A. Steinthal, looking ruddier than ever, sat on the left-hand side of the chair, and as he had to move a resolution, he also was interested in endeavouring to sober the meeting. He helped the Alderman to bundle Mrs. Cassidy off the platform, and made a desperate effort to revive the *morale* of the meeting by bellowing forth his commonplaces with unusual vigour. But it was too late. The meeting had acquired an appetite for amusement, and in a meeting which seeks amusement the Rev. S. A. Steinthal has not a chance as long as Mrs. Cassidy is there. This lady, although repressed, was not silent. With noble self-denial she overlooked the bundling off the platform, and kept a jealous watch over the proceedings from her seat on the front benches. Every now and then she made a dart at the platform, and was baited back again by a Mr. Montgomery, who seconded a resolution. She kindly undertook the responsibility of answering all the questions, and as some of them were merely interrogative flights of oratory, the effect was sometimes ludicrous. For instance, Mr. Montgomery, throwing his head well back, observed, "And what is woman's mission?" We believe that he intended to answer the question himself, but Mrs. Cassidy anticipated him by screaming out, "To be a loving companion to man." She seemed to be particularly incensed against Mr. Montgomery, and when he endeavoured to persuade her off a form upon which she had mounted, she called him an aristocrat. The senseless

vituperation of women, when their passions are roused, makes us suspect their fitness for politics more than anything else. If Mrs. Cassidy had called Mr. Montgomery an arrogant haberdasher, or a haughty butcher, there might have been some reason in it, but to call him an aristocrat was a cruel charge for which there was not the slightest foundation upon the face of him. This was not the only trial to which Mr. Montgomery was put. We can imagine, without a morsel of envy, his feelings at having a ponderous speech on his mind, while every minute the sobriety of the meeting was leaking away. At last his turn came. His dreadful dulness would have struck terror into most audiences, but he was talking to a mob. Cries for Mrs. Cassidy often drowned his voice, like at a Music Hall, when the comic man has just sung eleven songs, and the serious young man comes on to chaunt the "Death of Nelson," and yet the enraptured multitude clamours for the comic man's twelfth. One gentleman cried out: "Cut it short." Mr. Montgomery replied that he would be allowed to speak in his turn, if he had anything to say worth hearing. But Mr. Montgomery did not explain why he was privileged in this respect. By this time the riot was complete. The women were getting frightened, and the men were getting bold. The Alderman went through the farce of taking the votes of the meeting, for the sake of the reporters. And as we pushed our way through the crowded doorway, the last episode that caught our eyes was the small but indefatigable Mrs. Cassidy holding up both hands in support of the Alderman's motion.

The earnest advocates of women-suffrage who hear of this burlesque may console themselves with the reflection that Miss Becker's meetings may retard, but cannot positively hinder, the accomplishment of their object.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

THE ASCENT OF THE GLYDER.

EARLY in the summer of last year, being seized by an irresistible impulse to rush into the wilderness and escape from the crowds and strife of the city, we sought the lonely mountain solitude of Pen-y-Gwryd. A wild solitude indeed it is, at the summit of the Pass of Llanberis, under the shadow of Snowdon, and at the junction of the roads that lead on the left hand to Capel Curig, and on the right through the Pass of Gwynnant to Beddgelert and Pont Aberglaslyn. Round it, on all sides, in savage beauty, stretch moor and moss, mountain and fell. We had made its acquaintance on a similar excursion the year previously, when we had been driven to seek its friendly shelter during a violent storm, and, ever since, the wild desolation and loneliness of the place had haunted our imagination. Moreover, we had read Mr. Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*, and remembered that it is made the scene of one of the finest chapters and some of the most startling incidents in that book, and we had determined to ascend the Glyder, as there described. Leaving the Victoria Station at midday, we found ourselves, when the night closed in, and the moon rose over the shoulder of Moel Siabod, traversing the dreary valley that lay between Capel Curig and our destination, and hailed with delight the blue slate roofs of the lonely hostelry which bears the name of Pen-y-gwryd. Stalwart Harry Owen, whom Kingsley has immortalised in his book, being apprised beforehand, was ready for our reception, and gave us a landlord's hearty greeting. The evening was pleasantly spent with Owen and his guides, in the inn kitchen, which, in *Two Years Ago*, is thus described:—"It was a low room, ceiled with dark beams, from which hung bacon and fishing rods, harness, and drying stockings, and all the miscellanea of a fishing inn kept by a farmer." It was here that Kingsley describes that night scene with the two University men, Wynd and Naylor, singing and making merry with Owen and the Snowdon guides, when poor Elsley Vavasour, the mad poet and jealous husband, startles them by his appearance, before his flight up the Glyder Vawr. In the chapter on "Nature's Melodrama" there is a vivid description of a night ascent of the Glyder, and of the chase after the poor poet by Wynd and Naylor. Owen remembered Kingsley's visit, and mentioned with regret that some literary thief had stolen from the visitors' book a poem, the joint composition of Kingsley, Tom Taylor, and another.

On the morrow we rose to make the ascent of the Glyder, the interest of which expedition was heightened by the fact that we were to follow in the track supposed to be taken by Elsley Vavasour. Provided with the necessary flasks of brandy and sandwiches, we set out from behind the inn, and skirting the low boggy ground, strewed with boulders, that stretches from the mountain's base to the shores of Llyn Cwm Fynnon, after traversing what appeared to be an endless labyrinth of peaty marsh, we struck up the mountain side. There is no track to mark the ascent, as on Snowdon, for the Glyder has not yet become conventional, and is, withal, more difficult to climb. Each pedestrian, unless he has a guide, has therefore to exercise his own judgment in choosing his way. For a novice a guide is desirable, as, in the event of a mistake, there is real danger to the uninitiated. For some distance there is green turf among the chaotic confusion of boulders, and in the crevices of the rocks the parsley fern shoots in pleasant green tufts. Sweet, modest little mountain flowers peep from among the grass and club mosses, but soon there is no vegetation but the "silver lichens that rest star-like upon the stones," and then we come "upon the chequered quarries of that enormous desolation, the dead bones of the eldest-born of Time." Looking back, the little inn has become a speck of blue and grey on the green earth around it; Llyn Cwm Fynnon, dark with cloud shadows, lies like a pool in the moss; and across Llanberis the mighty crags of Snowdon stand out clear against the blue, with a quiet tarn sleeping in one of the hollows of the mountain. Up, thousands of feet, skirting great precipices of grey stone, over long reaches of boulders, until the inn and the tarn and the lower ground pass out of sight, and only the peaks of the mountains are to be seen, and overhead the sharp needle-like rocks, clustered together like giants, that form the summit of the great Glyder. Scrambling over these we reach the ordnance cairn which marks the highest point, and, throwing ourselves down, take breath and look about us. Round the cairn, on all sides of the mountain's summit, are strewn immense masses of rock in the wildest disorder. The storms of centuries have worn these into needle-like forms, grouped together in the most picturesque shapes. Looking beyond, the great peaks of the Snowdon range stand out in the clear air; no sound is heard save the roar of torrents and the sweep of the wind through black gorges and clefts that seam the mountain sides. To the west, through the pass of Nant Francon, far out is the isle of Anglesea and the Menai Straits; while south, through the gorge of Nant Gwynnant over Beddgelert, the land beyond Festiniog

> Stretches away where a line of spray
> Steams white on a belt of sand.

The smooth shoulders of Moel Siabod, and the grim peaks of Carnedd Llewellyn, Carnedd David, and mighty Snowdon are ranged round in a grand circle. Pleasant it is, after discussing the needful sandwiches, over pipe and a reasonable allowance of brandy and water, to breathe the fine air and feel the joyous freedom of a mountain top, with just one thought cast back to the smoky Babylon from which we have escaped, to increase by contrast the joy we feel as we

> Live and lie reclined
> On the hills, like gods, together,
> Careless of mankind.

Having rested sufficiently, we skirted the edge of the mountain, looked down the dizzy height into the Devil's Parlour, and, crossing a sea of stones, ascended the peak of the smaller Glyder. Then, retracing our steps, we commenced the descent on the opposite side. It is a mistake to suppose that the chief difficulty of mountain climbing is in the ascent. It is frequently more fatiguing to get down a mountain than up it, and especially in the case of the Glyder. Fifteen hundred feet of slippery screes, "as steep as a house roof, and with every tile on it loose," hardly afford much that is comfortable in the way of walking. The navigation of these screes is rather a painful and laborious work, as, in case of a slip, there is a strong probability that you may make a more rapid descent than is consistent with personal comfort or security. Down this, as cautiously as possible, we crept, not without the frequent loss of our equilibrium, but without any serious mishap, floundering occasionally for more secure foothold into some streamlet,

until we reached the tremendous precipice of the Twll-du, or Devil's Kitchen, a great cleft in the mountain, with precipitous rock sides, into which mighty fragments of stone have been hurled. These wild rock masses are supposed to form the culinary utensils of His Satanic Majesty. The descent of this part of the mountain is not without danger, and was performed in a creeping, cautious fashion, care being taken lest a false step should result in a sprained ankle, the most formidable danger that besets the climber here. Far below, at an apparently interminable depth, was the lonely tarn of Idwal, beloved of artists. Patiently we laboured down until we reached its shores, and, passing beyond, brushed through the welcome heather of the lower ground, until we reached Nant Francon, and the highway that skirts Llyn Ogwen.

Turning our steps towards Capel Curig, we passed under the rugged and serried cliffs of Trifaen, round which the white mists, born on Snowdon, were beginning to creep. Through Capel Curig, in the stillness of evening, watching the progress of the mists which already had obscured the heights we had just left, we walked, till the valleys were filled with shadows, and the moon again rose over the shoulder of Moel Siabod, and cast its glittering light upon the little runlets that glistened on the mountain sides like silver, until again we sighted the blue roofs of Pen-y-gwryd, and welcomed the warm light from its hospitable windows. We passed into it again through the knots of tourists who lounged about its doors, and, after due refreshment, retired to the calm rest that is the reward of such a day's work, and slept through a stormy night of wind and rain, to be followed by a day in which the whole mountain range, Snowdon, the Glyder, and every other giant peak, together with our hostelry and all its surroundings, were wrapt in dense and impenetrable cloud-rack and driving mist.

MISS BATEMAN.

MISS Bateman's reputation gives her an importance which it is impossible to overlook, and still more impossible to explain. Gifted with none of the exquisite qualifications which could make her a representative of her sex, either in its grandeur or in its beautiful littleness, she appears by the coarsest and most transparent means to arrive at a powerful effect upon her audience. If her acting must be called art, it is art in its earliest development. For art, like Eve, seems to become beautifully ashamed of itself as it grows older, and is then most alluring when its secrets are hidden. In every word and every gesture you can see that Miss Bateman is playing for instantaneous effect, and this self-consciousness intercepts our enjoyment of any dramatic illusion. There is something positively obtuse in the way in which she carefully poses herself at the end of each act, as if anybody in the world, excepting Miss Bateman, ever did behave so. Of course, this reliance upon mere pantomime is in itself a renunciation of higher means, and we will do Miss Bateman the justice to say that we believe no one knows it so well as she herself. The people in the gallery, and the ladies generally, enjoy this kind of thing, and lend themselves readily to whatever is easy to understand. But educated men, whose emotions somehow filter slowly through their minds, are shocked and arrested by this clumsy parody on human feelings. "Life," said Horace Walpole, "is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." Miss Bateman only makes you think, and thus her efforts result in something much more like comedy than tragedy. It must be understood that, if Miss Bateman were an obscure actress, it is possible that we should see much to admire in her. It is by the side of her great celebrity that she becomes so insignificant. We have seen her in several parts, and we think that she is wise in limiting her repertoire to Leah. Her peculiarities of voice and of manner are so marked as to preclude her from ever acquiring the versatility of many an actress who has been very much less advertised. Her voice is harsh, her intonation has no melody in it, her action is spasmodic, her face is full only of self-repression. Her tenderest affection is only thawed ice, her grief is only vexed disappointment, her indignation is only a sore throat, The greatest examples of Tragedy, such as King Lear and Ophelia, are not without a certain softness and sweetness and every-day humanity. We never should be moved by their deepest sufferings, if, in the intervals, we were not made to feel that, now and then, they are as ordinarily human as we are. There is no sweetness in Miss Bateman's Leah. She makes a conscientious point of never stepping from the greatest elevation to which she can wring her feelings. Her mouth never relaxes into a smile; her arms never move but to clasp her head in agony; she never curses unless she happens to be hoarse at the time. It is a grim, ugly, violent, unamiable character that she delineates, and we are sorry that this is her farewell engagement, as that always means that however little we may have seen of her in the past, she is going to begin to come regularly now.

Miss Bateman's retinue consists of Mr. T. Swinbourne, who is a conscientious disciple of the legitimate drama, and acts chiefly with his eyebrows, and Miss V. Francis, who talks a pretty New England twang, and refuses to enter into the gloomy spirit of the play. The scenery, with the exception of the church-yard, is quite singularly bad. And in saying so we are not forgetting that the theatre is the Theatre Royal.

THE MAN HIMSELF.

Star Sensation Comic Song. Copyright.

[To be sung with the greatest applause in all the principal Music Halls of the Kingdom. The privilege to be obtained by applying in the usual manner. N.B.—No second-rates need apply.]

I'm the biggest nuisance out,
You'll acknowledge without doubt,
If you've seen my brazen puffery disfiguring the walls,
Or my portrait's vapid stare,
(You may meet *that* anywhere,)
I'm the Star sensation singer of the Modern Music Halls.

[Now then—Chorus!]
Oh! I'm the comic singer,
The Star sensation singer,
The beery-weary-jeery and beyond-a-query-dreary
Star sensation singer of the Modern Music Halls.

You will know the sort of thing,
Which, as a rule, I sing—
Its coarseness and stupidity all decent taste appals;
But who expects to find
Morality or mind,
Or aught that's elevating in the Modern Music Halls?

[Now then—Chorus again!]
Oh! I'm the, &c.

Then, to give my trash a zest,
I'm in such rigging drest,
As would shock the veriest lunatic within old Bedlam's walls,
And I ape the snob and swell,
But nowhere out of—well,
At present I'm the glory of the Modern Music Halls.

[—— yes!]
Oh! I'm the, &c.

I net enormous gains,
And—though not too flush of brains—
At least I'm wiser than the dolts my balderdash enthralls;
And there's many a bashful sneak
Would copy—if he'd cheek—
The Star sensation singer of the Modern Music Halls.

[Chorus as before—only more so]
Oh! I'm the comic singer,
The Star sensation singer,
The beery-weary-jeery and beyond-a-query-dreary
Star sensation singer of the Modern Music Halls.

Notice.—Special encore verses supplied at exceedingly moderate charges.

Art.—The drawings and pictures of the late Mr. Dillon, one of the largest contributors to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, were sold on Saturday. The prices obtained were extraordinary. Sixteen water-colour drayings by Turner brought an average of nearly £500 each.

AN AMERICAN ON THE PRESTON STRIKE.

AN American in England sends home a letter describing the Preston strike from his point of view as a foreigner, or, shall we say, as an impartial outsider.

What, he asks, is the influence of men like Mr. Mundella or even Mr. Bright, practically worth when thousands of working people are permitted to bring their families to misery and want without a word of expostulation being addressed to them? Mr. Bright is himself a manufacturer; he understands thoroughly the circumstances which have paralyzed the staple trade of Lancashire. Has he no time to tell the work people the truth, and to implore them not to throw away half a loaf because they cannot get a whole one? The London papers have scarcely deigned to record even the facts connected with this most lamentable strike; and therefore I shall make no apology for briefly describing them to you. The turnout is at present confined to Preston. The immediate cause of it is a notice of reduction of wages to the extent of ten per cent. The men refused to submit to this, and prefer the alternative of throwing up work altogether. At the time I write about 4,000 men are out, living upon trade union funds. Long before this letter reaches you the number will be greatly increased, and famine will be killing men, women and children—unless the operatives can be induced to change their determination. The reduction of wages is no doubt a most distressing measure. If a man and (say) three of his children are earning altogether £1 a week in a cotton mill, it is hard to have that amount suddenly reduced to £3 12. But are the masters at fault? Are they trying to make money by docking the wages of the operatives? Nothing of the kind; they are merely compelled to break their own losses by doing less work. It is calculated that at the present price of New-Orleans cotton the manufacturers lose 3½d. per pound in making it up. I need not remind your readers that the American war struck a terrible blow at our cotton trade. In the midst of it the want of cotton stopped the greater part of the Lancashire Mills. That was a great misfortune, but a greater misfortune still lay behind. The manufacturers had been *overproducing* for many years. They made more cotton than the world wanted from them. The consequences of this error of judgement are still felt, and added to the high price of the raw material they render cotton manufacture a losing business. One large firm estimates that by keeping its mills open it looses 3s. per loom per week. If it closed the mills altogether it would only lose 1s. 6d. per loom. What, then, can the employers possibly have to fear from a strike? They have not made the trade what it is, and they are unable to do anything to improve it. They do not want to keep their mills open, but rather than close them altogether they say, in effect, to the operatives, "We must help each other to deal with this trouble. We will still find work for you, but you must take lower wages for a time." So far as I have been able to ascertain, the workmen do not dispute that the masters are in the position I have described. They know that the trade is bad, and that the employers are losing money, or barely paying their expenses. But yet, in their dogged way, they go out on strike. It is so easy to begin a strike—but when the Trade Union funds are all spent, as soon they must be, and children are crying for bread, the operatives will regret that they turned small hardships into a great disaster. If Mr. Bright were to set a picture of this time before them *now*, it is impossible to believe that it would not have some effect. There are few men whose advice the working classes would be disposed to take, but Mr. Bright is certainly one of the few.

PLEASURE THAT IS NOT PLEASURE.

IT will surprise many of our readers to learn that the thoughtful and eloquent essay, of which we give the greater portion below, appeared as a leading article in the columns of a newspaper. It is quoted from the *Daily News*:—

Between Lord Byron and Lord Stanley there does not, on a superficial examination, seem to be much in common. The first was a child of genius and exuberant song; the second is a pupil of common sense and the utterer of most lucid yet anything but ornate prose. The one was a poet after the heart of the most romantic and impassioned natures; the other has been a Foreign Secretary after the heart of the most practical and dispassionate temperaments. The one died for Greece; the other protests against Englishmen dying or fighting for any country save their own. Yet is it not Byron who writes, "Thou, the vain lord of luxury and ease, Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot please;" and was it not Lord Stanley who, the other day at Glasgow, spoke of "pleasure that is not pleasure"? Not only their sentiments, but their expressions, on this head, are almost indentical. When two such contrary spirits arrive at the same conclusion a strong probability arises that it is a sound one.

"Pleasure is not pleasure." What is pleasure? Millions of people are pursuing it, and have been doing so for an unknown number of ages. It is strange, therefore, that we should not by this time have arrived at some definition, or at any rate at some notion, of what it is. Yet have we? Do not Lord Stanley's five simple words express, as far as up-grown people are concerned, a most incontrovertible, if a most melancholy truth? It is a truth you may see expressed in the actions of nearly all your neighbours, may read in the most legible characters on the faces of most of your fellow-beings, and a lucky mortal must you be if it is not written in a little scroll rolled up and hidden in your own heart. The efforts made by mankind to capture pleasure and bind it to their chariot-wheels are as various as they are incessant; and the lofty fail in the attempt just as utterly as the lowly, and even more conspicuously. One man, having inherited or amassed a dazzling fortune, thinks that pleasure is to be had in a lovely county remote from smoky towns, and perhaps typifies all that is best in such a creed by concentrating his rural affections on floriculture. Had he lived a century ago, his would it have been to trim the quincunx and to train the vine; but flourishing in an age when happily such formal gardening is out of date, his way of courting happiness is to spread out level or sloping lawns, foster rare grasses, fill his shapely flower-beds with the newest and most showy bedding-out plants, decorate his borders with the rarest and most delicate seedlings, and line his outer walks with freely-blossoming shrubs. He gets all these, but he does not get happiness. The aphis preys on his peaches, the canker-worm spoils some of his choicest roses, daisies will insist on growing on his lawn, and grass imperceptible to all but him on his gravel-paths; it is dry when he wants rain, and it pours incessantly when his garden is pining for sunshine. He gradually becomes the victim of little miseries, and the only person who does not enjoy this carefully tended demesne is the one who has created and maintains it. He is not miserable; but is he happy?

If we descend to smaller and more ordinary objects of pleasure, does the scrutiny end in any different result? Theatre-going is the greatest fun in the world—to the person who has not been to the theatre often. To him who has, it is confessedly dull work. From the very lowest up to the very highest object of happiness, the conscious pursuit of it invariably terminates by the pursuer echoing Lord Stanley's words,—"Pleasure which is not pleasure."

Must we then reach the conclusion that there is no such thing, that we must therefore abandon all hope of atttaining it? By no means. The man who stops to count the milestones only lengthens his journey, and he whose mind perpetually dwells upon pleasure only lengthens the distance between it and him. It will come to him in its own insensible way if he will only permit it to do so by going steadily on his course, taking care to see that he is going straight. There is no greater mistake in the world, however, than to suppose that work will in itself bring happiness, or that sustained labour is necessarily the greatest attainable pleasure. Work will no more ensure pleasure than idleness will, unless it happen to be the one thing that is pointed out for you to do. *Fais ton fait*: that is the whole secret. Sometimes the thing to be done is what the vulgar, making a totally untenable distinction, call pleasure, *e.g.*, taking a holiday, going to the play, giving a dinner-party. If that happens to be the thing which really has to be done, do it; and a reasonable amount of pleasure will ensue. If the thing that lies nearest and most imperative be work, do that; and the result will likewise be somewhat of happiness. In each case, and in each case alike, if you do it when it is not the thing you are called upon to do, not pleasure, not happiness, but tedium, disappointment, and self-reproach will be the result. Pleasure which is really pleasure, and which everybody must desire, is that which anyboby will find, as far as it can be found, by the very simple method of abstaining from solicitously seeking it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[The following list of books, published during the last week or ten days, does not comprise works of a technical, sectional, or merely professional character.]

	Published at. s. d.
Ainslie (R.), The New Testament, from the Greek of Tischendorf	5 0
Barnes (W.), Early England and the Saxon English	3 0
Berjeau (J. P.), Early dutch, German, and English Printers' Marks	10 6
Bremner, The Industries of Scotland	10 6
D'Aumale (Duc), The Military Institutions of France	6 0
De Foe (D.), Life and Newly-Discovered Writings, 3 vols	36 0
Dircks (H.), Nature study	12 6
Dublin University Catologue of Graduates, 1591-1868	10 6
Fairbairn (W.), Iron; its History, Properties	10 6
Ford (J.), Works of, with Notes by Gifford, revised by Dyce, 3 vols	36 0
Helps (A.), Life of Pizarro	6 0
Herrick (R.), Hesperides, Poems, &c., ed. by W. C. Hazlitt, 2 vols	8 0
Hood (T.), Jingles and Jokes for Kittle Folks	1 0
Maskell (W.), Present Position of the High-Church Party	6 0
Maury (M. F.), The Physical Geography of the Sea	5 0
Napoleon III., Life of by P. G. Hill	9 0
Oldbury, by Miss Keary, 3 vols	31 6
Ouseley (Sir F. A.), Treatise on the Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue	16 0
Plymouth Pulpit—H. W. Beecher's, Sermons 1st series	10 6
Symons (G. J.), British Rainfall, 1868	5 0
Tolhausen (A.), Synopsis of Patent Laws of Various Countries	2 6
Wood (E. J.), The Wedding Day in all Ages and Countries, 2 vols	18 0

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PETER PILPAY.—Unsuitable. The MS. may be obtained by applying at the *Sphinx* office.

VERITAS.—Thanks. Will see for ourselves.

RECEIVED.—"T. R. C.;" "J. P.;" "A Lady," (London); "Sympathy."

ERRATA.—In the notice of *The King o' Scots*, in last week's *Sphinx*, for "ingenious marrying of the original," read "ingenious marring of the original;" for "every gesture can only be represented," read "every gesture can only be representative;" for "dramatic authors and scenic actors," read "dramatic authors and scenic artists;" and for "Jim Vin" read "Jin Vin."

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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CONTENTS OF No. 35, APRIL 10.

Our Social Sketch-Book: Widows.
A Study of Tennyson.
A Day after the Fair.
Advice to Housewives.
The Lay of the Law-Student.
Reminiscences of the Stage in Manchester. VII. James Browne; Marie Wilton.
Crossing Swords with H.M. Inniskillings. II. The Close.
A Seance with the Progressive Spiritualists.
TOWN TALK.—The New M.P. for Salford, Mr. Charley; City Clocks; Metropolitan Dramatic Criticism; Gaiety Theatre; Pantomime at the Prince's Theatre; Discussion on "The Existence of Deity."
MISCELLANIES.—Whist and Whist Players; Roberts's Largest Breaks; Wise Saws; Handel in a Rage.

CONTENTS OF No. 34, APRIL 3.

The Blind Asylum Chapel.
Holiday Notes: Wastdale.
After Dark.
Crossing Swords with H.M.S. Inniskillings: 1. The Opening.
A Morning with the Unitarians: The Rev. W. Herford.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
A New Expedition to the Polar Seas.
The Bank Clerk to his Bicycle.
TOWN TALK.—The Crossing-Sweep Nuisance; Newsrooms in Manchester; St. Ann's Street; The Velocipede Mania; Over-estimate of Universities; London *v.* Provincial Dramatic Cities; The Author of the Alhambra Article; Hissing in Theatres; Girl of the Period Literature; Our New M.P.'s at Home.
MISCELLANIES.—A Reminiscence of Mr. Buckstone's Playhouse; Two Epitaphs; More Notes from Froude's Address; The Manchester Grammar School; Something Like a Theatre; American Tourists; The Later Days of Edmund Kean, &c., &c.

CONTENTS OF No. 33; MARCH 27.

Reminiscences of the Stage in Manchester: VI. Actors and Managers.
The American Snob.
Song: St. Patrick's Day.
On the Rialto: The Preston Strike.
The Clubs of Manchester: The Conservative.
New Lancashire M.P.'s in Parliament.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
TOWN TALK.—Future Dramatic Events in Manchester; Crossing-Sweepers in Manchester; Breaches of Promise of Marriage; Growth of the City; The *Times* Foreign Correspondents; The London Alhambra; Juries and Railway Compensation; "Sport" in India; Improper Photographs.
MISCELLANIES.—Manchester Artists in London; The Manchester Grammar School; Notes from Froude's Address; "Homes" of the Poor in Manchester.

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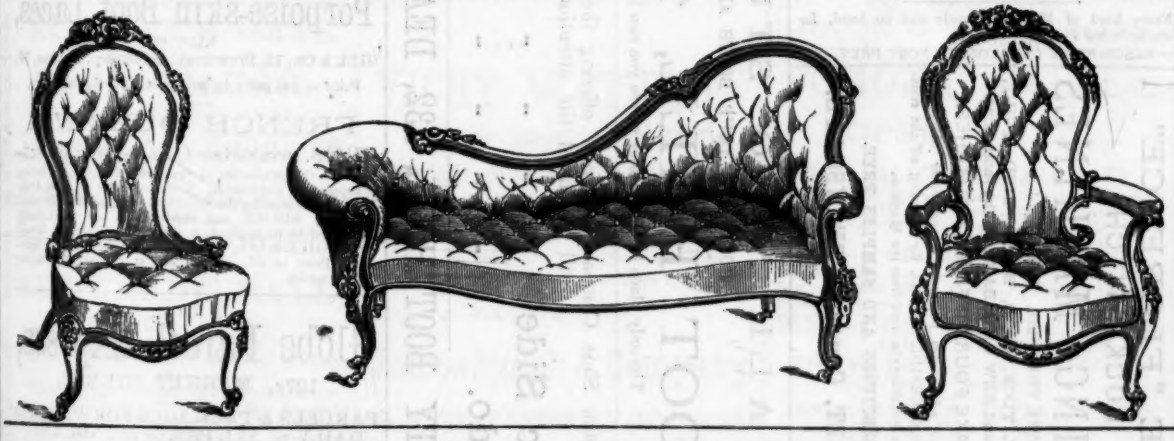

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